## Pair of Sinners.

She was the only danghter of a draper | a millionth part of the world knew anywho had once been eminent and was now retired; he was a young and prosperous barrister. Her manner and habfined and affected; she was of a mor bidly poetical temperament, and looked at life always through a prism of scatiment. He was unimaginative and prac-

He had all those sterner qualities she lacked; she had all those dainty, tender graces he despised—until he found them in her. In a word, each was the complement of the other.

Naturally, then, when they met they loved; and she was too romantic and he too matter-of-fact to believe in a long engagement.

They had been two months married, and but just returned from the honeymoon, were scated cozily by the fire one wild, wintry evening, when Mabel, in a languishing mood of sentimental mel-ancholy, unburdened herself of a tardy confession.

It had really never occurred to her during the rapture of their short engagement, but once or twice. Defore since their marriage it had risen to her lips, but, fearing it might make a note of discord in the harmony of their wedded lives, she had left it unspoken. It ded lives, she had left it unspoken. It was a trifle, no doubt; but hers was a disposition that magnified trifles. She found a subtle joy in grier, as do all who are surfoited with happiness, and, under-such circumstances, the smallness of the grief is no disadvantage.

"Are you sure, Clafence," she asked him sighing, "that you really love me?"

"And you have never loved any one but me?"

but me?"
"Never-never-never!"
"And you will love me always?"
"Forever."
He yawned and looked at his watch.
They were half expecting a visitor.
"Something might happen to change you," she persisted, dreamily.
"What could?"
"Suppose I had a secret in my life.

you." she persisted, dreamily.
"What could?"
"Suppose I had a secret in my life
which I had never revealed to you?"
She regarded him yearningly.
"What sort of a secret?"
"I always used to say, dear, that I
had told you all about myself—everything; that I was keeping nothing-back
from you. I am so sorry!" Her eyes
grew misty with tears. "I did not intend to deceive you. There is one—only
one—event of my life I nave never mentioned to you. I had forgotten it untillately. It is not much, perhaps, but I
ought not to hide anything from you,
ought I? It has been my one secret—
the one page of my life I would rather
no one read—"
"Well-and what is it?" be interested.

and what is it?" he interrupt

"Well—and what is it?" he interrupted, a little irritably.
She sank down on the rug beside him in an attitude of supplication, and clasped her arms about his knees.
"Don't look me at so coldly Clarence," she pleaded. "Don't speak so harshly. Say you will forgive me, dearest. I know there should be no secrets between us, but it is such a little, little secret, and I never meant to—""Noa-Well—let me know what i

us, but it is such to—"
and I never meant to—"
"No-no. Well-let me know what it "It overwhelmed me with shame. Oh, words cannot tell how deeply it humil

lated me."
"My dear child, do calm yourself."
He laughed, but felt vaguely uneasy,
"It can't have been anything so very

awful."

"You will not think I hesitated to tell you stoner because I distrusted the strength of your love-?"

"Of course not."

"Or because I feared"—she stifled a little sob—"you might scorn me, as that heartless man did!"

"What heartless man?" he demanded.

What heartless man?" he demanded. sharply, "Don't mystify me with all this preamble, Mabel. Tell me the worst at once."
"And you will forgive me, dear, for not

confiding-?"
"Oh, no doubt, It'ls nothing much,
I'll be bound. You are scaring us both
with a bogey of your own making. What

is it?"
"I will tell you, Clarence,"
She dried her eyes, and, reaching up, laid a hand upon his shoulder, caress-

ingly.
"Did you know, dear, that I once used

Did you know, dear, that I once used to write poetry?"

"Well, many persons do that: It may be foolish, but it is not wicked,"

"I wrote a great deal of it. My sole ambition then was to be a poetess. Much of what I wrote was love poetry."

"Addressed, I presume, to the heart-less man you just referred to?"
"No, dear. It was addressed to quite imaginary persons."
"Well, well! Yes?"

And the heartless man was the publisher?"

"No. The publisher was exceedingly kind. He thought very highly of my work—"
"Never mind the publisher. I am anxious to get to that heartless man."

"The book was published, and I saw only one review of it, and that—it was in a paper called The Writer—Oh, Clarence, it was cruell."

"All! It humillates me to think of it even now. I remember every harrowing word of it, but I cannot bring myord of it, but I cannot be more a samers, and I is added to the two. I must tell thought I was nucreally an office building when I came to three or four of these fastened one above the of often to the wall. An extremely fat lit. She caught her breath, and waited in a gony of expectation. He seemed the wall she extremely fat lit. When the wall cannot be an office building when I came to three or four of these fastened one above the of the wall. An extremely fat lit. When a were added to make the law and one of every-body else. I was a wicked young dog, and did several scandalous things that I am ashumal of now."

She caught her breath, and waited in the wringer. The fat rig fave a crank of the wall she was first and onlice building when I came to three or four of these fastened one above the of the wall. An extremely going through an office building when I came to three or four of these fastened one above the of the wall. An extremely an office building when I came to three or four of these fastened on above the of the wall. An extremely going through an office building when I came to three or four of these fastened on four of these fastened on four of these fastened on four office building when I came to three or four of these fastened on four office building when I came to three or four of these fastened on four office building when I came to three or four of these "All: It humiliates me to think of it even now. I remember every harrow-ing word of it, but I cannot—cannot bring myself to repeat them."
"Dan't try to. My dear girl, why on earth should you upset yourself like this?"

this?"
"But think how I suffered.' The publicity—the disgrace! "These poems,' he wrote—oh, do not ask me what he said."
"I assure you, I won't."
"For months after I avoided all who knew me. Such contempt—such ridicule as he poured upon me in that review.' If there is any man I hate—yes, hate. Clarence!—it is he."
"And we he man be called.

"And yet he may be quite a harmless inoffensive sort of ass, if we only knew m."I withdrew the book instantly and

burnt the entire edition. "If all authors accepted their critics' verdict in the same spirit, that man who wrote about the hundred best authors would have had to fix his total at fifty."
"I felt as if all the world was laugh-

"I felt as it all the world was laugh-ing at me."
"You little silly. I don't suppose even Bull-Nose, Blanche Little-Star, Nelle

Shall on the Neck, Mary Old-Jack, Bertina Full-Mouth, Katie Dreamer, Fanny Plenty, Butterffies, Beaste Crooked-Arm, Martha Long-Neck, Isabel Lunch, Flow Hairy-Wolf, Alice Shoots-as-Shs-Goes, Stella Wolf-House, Lucy Hawks, Beatfrice Heads-on-Ankle, Susie Bear-Lays-Down, Louisa Three-Wolfes, Anna Madleine-Pipe, Maggle Broken-Ankle, Ruth Bear-in-the- Middle. Helen Comes-Out-of-Fog, Sarah Three-Irons, Ida Wrinkle-Face, Jessie Flat-Head-Woman, Lottle Grand-mother's-Knife, she sighed, "I cannot even now. You do not altogether realize my utter degradation: These babblings of inciplent imbedility." That was one of his she sighed. "I cannot even now. You do not altogether realize my utter degradation: These babblings of incipent imbecility." That was one of his

phrases."
She shuddered at the recollection of it.
"By Jove! Of course, the best of critics are not angels, but yours must have

een n-"
"A heartless, heartless man!"
"If it had been a man's book-"
"He may not have known I was a
yoman."

"You are too severe. No reviewer dicises a book till he has read the title page."
"But I did not use my own name. I wanted to see if they would mistake my work for that of a man. I called it 'Heart Longlings by Hursid Ransom'; but all my friends knew, so that really

"I was merely going to adorn my tale and point a moral," objected the girl.
"And I wasn't an ugly old kangaroo at all; I was a patient, crawling worm. trimmed with pink stripes—that is the reason I accept your brutal remarks with such sweet docility."
"Excuse me," said Howell, in a subdued tone.
"The story," went on the girl, "was that of the sleeping beauty with a new ending. When the princess woke up she asked her prince what she would gain by arising and going forth in the world. He told her of the power and tiches, beautiful clothes and bonbons, estates and palaces and of his devotion, nde no difference."
"Not a bit." He had grown suddenly thoughtful, and spoke absently.
"You will forgive me, darling-won't

you?-for decelving you?"
"Decelving me?" he asked.
"Well, for eeming not to confide in
you anyeservedly."
Taking the childish, pretty face between his hands, he gazed down into
her dreamy, blue eyes, and laughed softity to himself.

ly to himself.
"I-don't-know," he said.
"But- it was nothing acually wrong, Clarence," she cried, indignantly; then, melting again, "I know, dear, I used to

say all along that I had concealed noth-

ing from you. I had told you every-

thing—"
"I used to say the same to you, didn't 1?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Well, ceming to think ok it, I remember I have a secret which I have never disclosed to you. So, after all, we are each as bad as the other."
She started and scanned his featurees eagerly.
"You? A secret, Clarence?"
"Only a little one, like yours."
"But mine was no secret. I had forgotten it," she protested. "Besides, mine was nothing for which you could blame me."
"I wish I could say that of mine."
"Clarence" "she knew it was more fun to fream than to stay awake. I am always sorry for people whose livers are ways sorry for people whose livers are

"I wish I could say that of mine."

"I wish I could say that of mine."
"Clarence," she sobbed, "you have been decelving me."
"No; I had forgotten all about it."
"You always said," she faltered, her thought Mrs. Banker came to show me

A USELESS QUESTION.

What's de mattter, Bill? Dog chasin' yer?" Bill-"Oh, no, just takin' a little exercise fer me health."

lips quivering, "you never loved any girl a lot of new jewelry some one had

As the Chicagoan Sees It.

"Have you noticed that New Yorks"

select circle has been cut down from

400 to 75?" asked the returned Chi-

Of course it had been noticed.
"Well, if you ever go to New York,"
west on the Chicagoan, "you cannot fall

to notice that the smaller the circle of

the very elect may be the greater th

number of people you will meet who belong to it."-Chicago Post.

The Proverb Disproved. Notwithstanding the fact that he has

Not a Helpful Diet.

If the Cubans were a race of goats and could thrive on paper, the resolutions of sympathy sent thither might do some good.—Indianapolis Journal.

No man who cannot pronounce "chrysanthenum" glibly will be allowed to ride in the Hoston street cars after this Advance, passengers, and give the A Test of Sohrlety.

Ills Experience.

"Thelieve they claim there is less set sickness now than there used to be." "Then I must have had all of it." so the returned voyager,—Chicago Post,

More Satisfactory. Mirs Valuash (of Chicago)—So you keep boarders, do you?

Miss Beacon hill (of Boston)—No, indeed! We merely have a few remunerative guests.—Chicago News.

Bad Judgement, Anyw y.

this. Advance, passengers, a countersign!—Boston Globe,

cagonn.

I want you to make me a prom-

e; if I forgive you, you will forgive

she hestiated.
"Tet me first, all about it."
"Do you promise?" he insisted.
"Oh. Clarence, you can never be the ame to me again. I do hope it is nothing dreadful. What can it be? I—I—"

"Do-you-"
"Yes, yes, dear, I promise!" she said, sperately, "Whatever it is, I love you,

"And that?"

"Well, being hard up, I used to earn odd guineas in all manner of odd ways. I was a flippant, self-satisfied brute, and—" he paused, and putting an arm about her, drew her closer to him. "I have a heart now—you know I have, sweetheart, don't you? But once upon a time—you have promised to forgive me, and not to hate me! — in the days when you published your book, I was—" "You—you—were—?"

"The heartless man who reviewed It!"—St. Pau's.

Helles of Crow Agency Roarding School.

The Indian girls of the Crow agency

boarding school, in Montana, gave a

solvee dansante the other evening and

the following girls were present: Clara

"And that?"

Chicago Dally News: "Dreams are

such fun!" said the girl in the Russian blouse. "I read a French story the oth-

"The sequence of your thoughts," broke in Howell Van Rensselaer Glbbon, irritably, "is one of those things you hear about. I know you were a kangaroo in a previous incarnation, you

jump around so."
"I was merely going to adorn my tale

estates and palaces and of his devotion, all of which she would have. The prin-

cess considered the matter for a mo-

ment. 'Well,' she said, 'I have been dreaming for one hundred years and

in my dreams I have enjoyed such exquisite gowns, such delicious foods, such magnificent palaces, gems and music

er day---"

Many of the gowns this winter have , one piece; they fit close to the arm, but cen made more simply than for some years, and waists cut high in the throat and long in the sleeves have been considerd very smart for small and informal dinners. The materials used, however, are of the handsomest used, however, are of the handsomest, and the trimmings quite as elabotate as any used for the low-cut gowns. A smart little gown of crepe de Chine is made with long graceful lines. The body of the waist is either of the crepe laid in soft folds or can be of mousseline de sole, and there is a bolero jacket which is outlined with bands of Iridescent palllettes of a harmonizing color. The sleeves are unlined and made all in

THE COUNTRY CORRESPONDENT. He Citings to Pristine Principles and Tells

His Story Plain and True. Yes, the reporter makes the paper, ays William Hopkins in the Journalist. The editor makes it over again, ifter him. The reporter's eyes look upon the actual incident of news, with ill its graphic, and sometimes gro-

all its graphle, and sometimes groosque, surroundings.
The editor's vision beholds only the
cene as depleted for the reader's peusal. There is often a wide discrepincy between these two points of view.
The blue penell bridges the chasm.
The country correspondent at present
is the most picturesque character upon
the journalistic boards. All other positions have become more or less mechanical, and are influenced in some measure by the trappings of trade and commerce. Not so with the man who is
"covering a district." He still clings to
pristine principles. He tells his story
plain and true. You cannot mistake his
meaning.

a lot of new jewelry some one had given her. There were brooches and pendants and corsage ornaments galore and every one was in the shape of a narrow crescent set in dlamonds. There must have been a dozen of these ornaments and they did not vary from each other by a hair's breadth. The fungy part of it was that neither she not I seemed to be the least surprised or objected to the sameness. We thought it was the lovellest thing that ever happened. Imagine a woman decked out in a dozen diamond crescents, all in a row!" meaning.
He loads on the telegraph tolls to say He loads on the telegraph tolls to say that "the bank kept a deposit book on which were entered the deposits from the deposit slips by depositors!" "The glee club sang, and the gymnasium class gave a gymnastic exhibition." He desires to make clear that the gymdesperately, "Whatever it is, I love you, out in a cozen diamond creatents, and and I must forgive you."

"You won't hate me?".

"I could not."

She pressed her handkerchief to her they have on wrapping counters in stores on which the big sheets of brown paper are wound up and unroll. "We have both been sinners, and I twas the worst of the two. I must tell you, then, Before I was a noot a successful handless to was a hard to three hardster I was a good for nothing yours.

desires to make clear that the gymnasts were not musical.

"Miss Rosie Lee was visiting at the home of friends"—an insinuation that the good girl has some enemies whom she does not visit.

Then funerals and weddings are always "attended by friends and relatives." When a man is being interviewed his opinions are given out "in the course of conversation."
"Interesting developments are expected," generally: and "if the villain is caught he will be lynched," forever!
"The recipient who was taken very much by surprise, but responded in a

much by surprise, but responded in a few well-chosen words," still holds sway; and "The ladies of the women's auxillary corps" are "ladles" unquestionably

"At the grandest ball of the season "At the grandest ont of the coasts, the young men wore dress suits."

An entertainment of any kind must be "the scene of pleasant festivities."

I have edited the copy on a suburban wedding where the name of the groomwal left out, showing how insignificant, times a day, otherwise she would be so fat she couldn't get around.' 'Oh, I see,' I said, perfectly satisfied, 'What a clev-er idea!' It seemed a perfectly natural explanation, too."

"You can have an extra lump of sugar for that," said the girl in the Russian blouse, as she poured the tea.

wedding where the name of the groom was left out, showing how insignificant, after all, is that poor functionary. But the country correspondent is a good feilow, withal—very much in carn-est and constantly sincere. He remains one of the relies of the day when jour-nalism consisted in printing a paper fundamentally for news.

He Told Him flie Name.

He was dressed like a farmer, and h looked inquiringly at the clerk behind the counter of our chief postoffice, and

the counter of our chief postofilee, and pointed, pantomimically, to a bundle of letters the latter was sorting.
"What name?" asked the clerk.
"Louder," cried the agriculturist.
Supposing his customer to be deaf, the clerk repeated his query in a tone calculated to wake the dead. But the man only smiled, and said: "Louder."
The clerk took a long breath, and the yell that followed even the phiegmatic husbandman.

become something of a rolling stone, the single-standard people will criticise many of Mr. Wolcott's silver arguments as slightly moss-grown.—Washington Star. usbandman. "No, offense, sir, I hope? Yes, that's my name—Louder, sir."
"Oh, ah!" said the clerk, "I never thought of that. Yes, here's a letter."—

Miss Mugg-I don't see how it is your sister failed to find me on the station. You said you would describe me to her Infatuated Lover (who sees a good deal more in Miss Mugg than other folk can)—Yes, I told her to look for a beau-tiful girl, with the hair of a Madonna, and the form of a sylph. It's queer she missed you.—New York Weekly.

Business. Book-keeper-This man has always paid eash, and now wants to open an ccount. Shall I accommodate him?

Manager-Certainly not.

Book-keeper-And this man has had an account and now pays cash.

Manager-Never trust him again.—

Brooklyn Life.

Husband and Wife-"Next of Kin." A hugband is not next of kin to his A Philadelphia school principal has been dismissed for kissing the teachers. He probably skipped the ugly ones.— Washington Post. wife under the laws of Minnesota, acter the holidays to talk about what rooms to have papered in the psring,"— Chicago Record. cording to the decision of the supreme court of Minnesota in the case of Wat-

one plece; they fit close to the arm, but are lightly gathered and are most becoming. The skirt is of the crepe, with the front breadth of a lighter color covered with guipure lace of an elaborate pattern. On either side of the front breadth are spangled bands. At the back the bolero is cut down into a point and there is a graceful sash of velvet ribbon fastened with a buckle. The home dress-maker, in copying this model, can have the aid of a tissue-paper pattern which is issued by Harper's Bazzar, where the gown appears. The collar is of velvet to match the sash. An odd feature of the bolero, although not particularly new, is the way in which it extends out over the top of the sleeves in square epaulettes.

son, administrator, vs. St. Paul City Railway Company. It appears that the plaintify intestate was injured while riding in one of the defendant's cars, and dled as the result of the injuries. The husband brought action to recover damages for the death of the wife under a section of the Minnesota general statutes, which provides that the damages recovered in such cases shall be for the benefit of the widow and next in kin, to be distributed to them in the same proportion as the personal property if the deceased. The court held that as at common law the husband was not the next of kin of the wife and was not made so by the statute when it was enacted in the distribution of the wife's estate, it evidently was the intention of the legislature to exclude him from being a beneficiary under the law in question, and the widow must have been regarded by the legislature as not next of kin, otherwise the would not have been expressly designated in connection with the words "next of kin."

Ready to Symparhize.

"There is certainly a great deal of disrines is certainly a great deal of dis-couragement attached to working for the government," remarked the fair-minded man. "I think we would sym-pathize more with employes if we could only put ourselves in their places. "Well," replied the politician, "isn't that what we are trying to rearrange this civil service business for?"—Wash-ington Star.

Literary Aspirant-What steps are necessary when you want to get out r

book?

Borus (who has had some experience)

Several thousand steps will be necessary if it takes as long to find a publisher as it generally takes me.—Chicago Tribuna.

The Farmer in the Lighthouse. A farmer had secured an appointme as lightkeeper in a Maine coast lighthouse. The first night he went on duty he lighted up promptly at dusk, and at

"Goodness me! Does he eat the egg raw?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy, politely.
"Raw algs is the only kind this hen knows how to lay. I had a hen to home we used to feed on sulphur matches.and she laid hard-bolied algs, but the other dag she drank some kerosene oil an just naturally busted."

"I don't believe it," exclaimed the old lady, quite violently, and the quartet almost collapsed with glee.

A look of sadness overspread the plain features of the youth, but before he could reply to this aspersion upon his veracity the bundle under his coat attracted his attention, as well as that of every one else, by observing in resonant tones:
"Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cuday a waw."
"Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cuday a waw."
"Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cuday a waw."
"Cutta-cutta-cut-cuday a waw."
"Cutta-cutta-cut-cuday a waw."
"Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cuday a waw."
"And you had a pair of my gloves in vour room." "Cutta-cutta-cutta-cut-cudaw - w-w-

The quartet across the nisle burst in-to laughter, and the sharp-nosed man

swore softly, but comprehensively,
"Don't you let him frighten you,"
said the brown-egd girl, encouragingly,

ed at the boy's statement that her The benevolent old lady was so sur-prised at the boy's statement that her

classes fell off again, and as she groped

for them she said in rather awestricken

"Goodness me! Does he eat the egg

weut!"
"Keep still," cried the boy, adminis-

THE FARMER'S ADVERTISEMENT.



sh! There's th' notice thet I put in th' paper. (reads): "If the man who stole my rope and bucket will kindly call, he can get the well also, as I have no further use for it."—Hiram Hayseed. 11 o'clock carefully extinguished the tering a second poke to the covering

lamp. The next day, of course, there was trouble, and when he was taken to task, he replied that he supposed 11 o'clock was late enough to keep the light going, as he thought that all honest men should be in bed at that hour.—Boston

Surprised.
Sunday school teacher, reading to class-"And some fell ill by the way-

Tommie, becoming suddenly interested—"I didn't know they rode blkes in those days!"—Yonkers Statesman. No Respite.

"Don't you love these long, peaceful winter evenings?" "Peaceful! My wife begins right af-

"The rociety that looks after cruelty to animair ought to be told," announced the old lady, "I know that hen's suffer-

"Hen ain't an animal," snapped the sharp-need man, getting back at her far her previous information. "I know I'm suffering, and unless—"
"Well, the society might look after
you, then," retorted the old lady, with

ome asperlig.
"The aged person," observed one the young men of the quartet, "Is not so easy as she looks. That was distinct-

es in ly the retort rotten."
"I'll speak to the conductor," the sharp-nosed man was declaring mean-while. "I didn't pay my money to ride in a hen coop. We'll see if this young rascal can bring his cackling chickens

umong decent people,"
"Cluck-cluc-cul-luck-cutta-cut - cut," rounded in rather derisive tones. The brown-eyed girl leaned out over the aisle and looked at the boy.

FOR GOOD AND ALL As the train pulled out of one of the country villages a poorly-dressed boy who might have been sixteen or seventeen years old, came into the car, and took the seat across the aisle from the four young people. Under his frayed coat was a big bunch, suggesting that he was carrying something concealed there. As the young people struck into another song he looked anxiously at them and then down at the bunch under his coat, Presently, at the end of a verse, there sounded quite emphatically from the coat this remark;

Dr. Emde—You'd better cough now. Patient—Why? Dr. Emde—Because after you have taken this medicine you won't be able to

THE BOY AND THE HEN.

his is a Finney Story If you put Youres! f In the Hoy's Predicament—It is Enjoy-agic However, Promany Point of Views Not more than a dozen persons were in the car, says the New York Sun. These were a sharp-nosed man, who di-

vided his time between glaring discon-

tentedly out of the window and asking the conductor why the train did not go

faster; an elderly and benevolent-look-

ing old lady who sat across the alsle

from the sharp-nosed man; three or

four men who lounged back in their

seats and dozen, and a quartet of young people, two men and two girls, who were amusing themselves by singing

college songs.

As the train pulled out of one of the

"Cut-cut-cut-cut-cudawcut!"
"Goodness!" exclaimed the girl who

had been singing the alto part, turning wide brown eyes upon the youth. "He's got a hen there. Did you hear it?"

reply.

The sharp-nosed man's probe

"Cutta-cutta cudduck!" made itself sufficiently audible for every one in the

who was removing the dishes from the

table,
"Well, den, ez long ez I hab de tizet
reckons mebbe I might ez welt zo figit
ahald an' eat anuthuh supper," - Wat-

Modern Methods.

Diggs-I just finished reading an ac-

count of how they burned heretics at the

stake in ancient times. Such barbaries

would not be tolerated in this enlightened

Biggs-No, indeed! The medern has tie is let off with a roast in the religion journals.—Chicago News.

He Fought with Sherman,

Lady-So you fought with Sherman or

his march to the sea? Here is a data for you, you noble patriot! Were you

Tramp-Well, hardly, lady. I wish de Louisiana Tigers, an' de way m fought wid dem Yanks wuz a caution-

As Faras we Go. We talk a great deal about the nees, sity of putting our shoulder to the whe

and then go and sit down,-Atchie

PRIZE JOURNALISM IN ARIZONA

CLES AWAY

1-Editor-I'll paint this bleycle on the wall and obtain for dred new subscribers.

BICYCLES

CIVEN AWAY

2-Guess I'll take a little lunch bin finishing it.

In a Masachusetts regiment?

Judge.

"Won't you please let me see the hen?" she said.
"I'd like to, miss, but I dassent," said the boy.

car to hear it.

"She's a good hen," said the boy, apologetically, "but she don't like music. I was scalrt that you'd wake her "Do you think I'd frighten it?" she

"Do you think I'd frighten it?" she said, reproachfully.
"No'm, but this is an awful intelligent hen, an "-with a look of direct admiration-"like's not it she once seen you she'd want to leave me right now and never come back no more."
"Now will you be good?" said the young man who sat with the girl. She smiled entrancingly at the boy. "I don't believe you've got any hen at all," she remarked, challengingly.
In reply he prodded the bundle, which promptly replied:
"Cutta-cut, cutta-cut!" "Cudduck cudawcut!" in rather tart tones from beneath the coat seemed to indicate that the good hen was tired of being good and wanted to get out and fly around the car awhile for a change. "Shuttup!" said the boy, poking the bunch with no great gentleness, a performance which brought forth a wrathful cackle.

By this time all the people in the car promptly replied:
"Cutta-cut!"
"There! Did sou hear it?" cried the
sharp-nosed man to the conductor, who
had just entered the car. "What kind
of a road do you call this, where the were craning their necks toward the seat occupied by the boy. The old lady

put on her glasses to see better and the sharp nose of the discontented man fairly glowed with indignant surprise. He pointed a bony finger at the place whence the hen language seemed to passengers have to roost with the chickens?"
"Where is it? Which one's got it?"

whence the hen language seemed to proceed.

"Look here!" he said. "Do you mean to say you've got a hen under your coat?"

The youth turned a deprecatory glance upon his questioner, but evinced no signs of meaning to say anything. It wasn't really necessary that he should. asked the conductor.

"Cutta-cut! Cutta-cut, cudaw-cut!"
proclaimed clearly the location.

"Look here," said the official, striding up to the boy, who was nervously fumbling at his coat. "I've got a mind bo stop the train and fire you right here." should.
"Cluck-cluck, cul-luck, cul-luck, cut-ta-cu-dawcut!" was a highly adequate

sprend its glow over his other features.
"It's an infernal shame!" he cried.
"Ain't it?" exclaimed the benevolent old lady, bestowing an approving glance ipon him. "I wouldn't wonder a mite it

leo stop the train and fire 'you right here."

"What for?" inquired the youth in injured tones, "You got my ticket."

"You throw that chicken out of the window or get out."

"What chicken, mister?"

"Under your coat there. Come, no nonsense, now. I won't stand for it."

The boy drew his frayed coat closer around the bundle.

"Tuck-a-tuck-a-tuck," came in smothered tones from it.

"Mercy! The poor thing's near dead," cried the old lady. "What a shame!"

"Come, get out," ordered the conductor, taking the boy by the shoulder.

The train was slowing down as it drew near a station, and the proprietor of the assortment of barnyard noises got up, remarking:

"This is my station where I get off, "Darn the poor thing!" ejaculated the man with such emphasis that the old

"This is my station where I get off, anyway."
"Cluck-cluck-cluck. Tuck-a-tuck!"

man with such emphasis that the old lady's glasses fell off in consequence of the shock to her system. "I ain't kicking on the beastly chicken's account. What I object to is that young idiot making a cutile train out of this car."

"Hens ain't cattle," suggested the old lady, with evidently pacific intent; but strange to say this verseious and soothing statement failed to mitigate the complainant's wrath.

"Might just as well be," he said.

"Cudduck, cluck, cluck!" came in protest to this statement.

"Say, you!" cried the man again, alming his loaded forefinger at the youth. "What d'you mean by bringing a hen into this car?"

"What hen?" asked the boy innocently. "Cluck-cluck-cluck. Tuck-a-tuck!" evidenced the fact that it was the station where the bundle under the coat wanted to get off, also.
"I should like to have seen what kind pf a hen that was," said the browneyed girl, plaintively.
The youth paused, turned and looking directly into the brown eyes, delivered himself of this surprising remark, "I'll-cluck-cluck tell you, miss. Just because I tuck-a-tuck a bundle under my contoudawent, an' it's cuttacuta-clucks like a hen; that don't cut-cuaw-cut no lee. Looka here!" ly. "Don't you try to fool with men: That "Don't you try to fool with men: That hen under your coal!"
He waggled his forefinger at the hunch, which promptly responded:
"Cut-cudaw-w-w-weut!"
"Oh. that hen!" said the boy, placidly. "I brought her along so's I could get a fresh-laid aig for my lunch."
The quartet across the aisle burst in-

cuaw-cut no ice. Looka here!"

Fig threw open his coat and behold, there was nothing there but a pair of skates fastened together with a strap "Cluck-cluck-cluck, cutta-cutta-cut whur-ruck-a-doodle-doo-oo-oochanted triumphantly, as he marched

out of the car.
"He didn't have no hen at all!" cried the old lady, her surprise getting the better of her grammar.

The sharpnosed man hastily went into another car, but not in the cape hearing the brown-eyed girl an-

"We will now sing that beautiful and highly appropriate hymn tune, "The world is all a fleeting show for man's illusion given."

"Yes, and I found my lace jabot and ne of my veils in your trunk."
"Did anny one iver!"
"And you had a pair of my gloves in

your room."
"Luk at thot ag'in, now!"
"I have taken all my things to my own room, and I want you to leave the house to-day."
"Oh, but O'll lave fasht enough, for the country of the count

it's not Ol that wants to wurruk for an ny leddy that so far forgets herself as to go pryin' 'round in a girrul's room! Of t'ot Oi was wurkin' for a leddy, but Oi've found out me mistake, an' Oi'll lave this minute!"

The Revivalist's Chickens. Presque Isle Siar-Herald: Christmas

we purchased a lot of chickens, dressed by a well-known woman whose voice by a well-known woman whose voice we have often heard in revival and camp meetings. We did not explore the interior of the fowls at the time, but later on our better half called our attention to the "foul" that we had gaid for that was taken from the interior of our purchase. Some fine needlework had been done on the skin of the chickens to give them a plump appearance. That woman made a dime or two out of the transaction, but hereafter whenever we hear her voice lifted up to the Master above we cannot but think of that chicken trade.

Sared His Life.

An Irishmen, meeting another, asked what had become of their old acquaint-ance, Patrick Murrey, "Arrah, now, dear honey," answered the other, "Poor Pat was condemned to

Arran, "Peor Pat was condemned to be hanged, but he saved his life by dying in prison.—Tid-Bits. Welcome Words.

"Yes, his sermons are tiresomely long, but he always says something to the point." "Well, what did he say to the point

last Sunday?" "-Cleveland Plain-Dealer

Bendy Remedy.

Author—I am troubled with Insomnia I lie awake at night hour after hou hinking about my literary work. His Friend—How very foolish of you Why don't you get up and read portions of it?-Hoston Traveler,

Practical. "Do you believe in dat motto, 'nevvuh put off tell to-morrow what you kin jes' ea well do terday?" inquired Pickanniny Jim.
"Sho'ly I does," replied his mother,

-Crowd-Bicycles given away

Erastus—I doan like de hose, his ribs stick out. Horse Desier—Oh, dat's whar you can acratch matches.

A GREAT ADVANTAGE.